

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

FRANK'S OFFICE

Frank sits back in his chair behind his big desk. CHIN (20's), Asian, jeans and tshirt, hovers behind Billy. A small coffee table is in front of Billy.

FRANK
CHIN, check him.

Chin begins to frisk Billy. Billy tries to resist.

FRANK (CONT'D)
HR is going to be sending its people down here to get you fired. And they will get you fired. I can stop them, if you want.

BILLY
Is it something I can take care of myself?

FRANK
Not this time.
(to CHIN)
Check his PDA.

Chin grabs Billy's hand, with its perpetual clutch on his PDA.

Chin SLAMS Billy's hand against the coffee table. The collision with the table frees the PDA from Billy's hand. Frank picks it up.

BILLY
Noooo! My data.

FRANK
Makes me curious, why you transferred to my department.

Frank SMASHES Billy's PDA against the table, pieces splinter across the room.

BILLY
Noooo!

FRANK
Are you still a manager? Are you with InfoSec?

BILLY
Noooo! NO!

Frank BANGS what's left of the PDA into the table one more time.

FRANK
Swear on your mother's grave?
You're still not a fucking manager?

BILLY
I'm NOT a FUCKING MANAGER!

FRANK
Are you gonna stop fucking about
systems you don't belong in?

BILLY
Yes! Yes! Yes!

FRANK
Alright, alright. CHIN hacked your
PDA and backed up your data, you'll
be alright. This was necessary.

Frank pulls out a wad of cash and throws it on the table.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Go get yourself a new PDA, expense
it.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

Madolyn wipes her bar area clean, no one is around, it's minutes before closing time.

Billy walks in, eyes bloodshot.

BILLY
Hi. Do you drink coffee? I'd like
to buy you a cup.

MADOLYN
What?

BILLY
I asked if you drink coffee. You
look tired.

MADOLYN
This is irrelevant, let's keep this
about you, the customer. What do
you feel like?

BILLY
What do I feel like? What do I
feel?

INT. BILLY'S CUBE

Billy's eyes are wide, no blinking, as he stares at a monitor.

BILLY (V.O.)
You sit there...hacking systems.
You're reading other people's
personal information. Their
salary, their emails to the
wife...my hand on the mouse,
steady. That's one thing I figured
out about myself while hacking, my
hand does not shake...ever.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE

BILLY
There was a sales guy who was just
in here wasn't there?

MADOLYN
How'd you know he was a sales guy?

BILLY
Bad haircut, no dress sense, and
you know a slight air of scumbag
entitlement. Do those guys hit on
you all the time?

MADOLYN
Occasionally, it's part of what I
do, I'm supposed to be chipper,
they mistake it for flirtatious.

BILLY
Oh boy, you should get a better
job.

MADOLYN
Why do you come here? To insult
me?

BILLY
I have to come here, it's the
closest Starbucks.

MADOLYN

I know that, so what do you want?

BILLY

I need a quad venti mocha with a double shot at a hundred eighty degrees.

MADOLYN

Whoa slow down there. I think that might be a bit much, you look strung out already and it's past ten o' clock.

BILLY

Look, I'm falling asleep at my desk at 11am, the other day I was having panic attacks during a 10 o' clock 'cause I pulled an all nighter that day. I checked a red bull in a trash can on the way over here. I haven't had more than four hours sleep straight for fucking weeks!

MADOLYN

Are you serious? Is that true?

BILLY

Yeah, that's true, I want some fucking coffee, and you're gonna what? Deny me service? Close shop?

Madolyn turns to grab a cup, she tries to pour as much coffee in it as possible, spilling some in the process.

MADOLYN

I wasn't closing up.

BILLY

I thought this was the place where I could get some fucking coffee. I thought you guys were THE place for coffee, am I not in the right place?!

MADOLYN

Yes, you are in the right place, I'm sorry.

Madolyn fumbles the coffee cup and has to pour a new one.

BILLY

A tired guy comes in here for coffee and you send him back on the street to go score some red bull at a seven eleven?! You're fucking ridiculous.

Madolyn can't look him in the eye, she thrust the coffee towards him.

BILLY

A tall?! A tall coffee?

(beat)

Great. Why don't you just give me a bottle of scotch so I can pass out during an all hands meeting.

Billy throws the coffee across the room, it BURSTS onto the floor.

MADOLYN

You know what?! You can leave!

Billy bull rushes the door and disappears.

Madolyn collects herself, exhales slowly, her eyes closed.

MADOLYN

(to herself)

Why is the last customer of the day always the hardest?